

James Dole

## It Happened This Way

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By Clyde Kay

James Dole is not your ordinary Mail Delivery man. In fact, James Dole is not your ordinary man, period.

OK then, how shall we describe him?

Well, for starters, how about popular, punctual, and a punster? That sounds pretty fair doesn't it? Of course that may be taking him out of context just a wee mite, because he is probably more of a jokester than punster, but does jokester rhyme better with popular and punctual than punster does? Not in my lifetime, so you see we had to use it that way.

Hey, this man must have, right on hand, something like a thousand jokes. Maybe two thousand. Could be three.

Now you know that lots of people start out the day with a cup of coffee, or, heaven forbid, a smelly cigarette. Somehow I get the idea that James Dole starts his day out with a joke. Preferably with a new one. Or at least one that has been overhauled and refurbished.

People along his route wait for him to show up. When he enters a store, shop, or whatever, they begin to grin. Some laugh out loud. Not at him, of course, but because of him.

I also get the idea, or feeling,

whichever you prefer, that if he had to start his day without a joke, he would be starting out sick. And as I have never seen him looking sick, it stands that he must have on hand, a joke. Funny ones too. That in his forte. On public relations alone the Postal Dept. should pay him extra. I think he is that popular. And even though the service the postal department renders is the best in the country for the cost we have to pay, have you ever heard of a popular postal employ?

Well, you have now. Naturally his popularity wanes a bit were he to miss delivering a pension check on time. Life is frugal. And fragile.

So, on and on. And what is that you say? "You have never heard him tell one of his jokes, and you'd like to, but don't know how to arrange it."

For goodness sakes, Mrs. Dennis! It's very simple. Just get on his mailing list.

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Everyone, of course, have noticed the new flowers, wild and cultured, the new leaves on all the trees. Even the beauty of those that are wild. Good for us. Let's enjoy them while we can, because, at the very most, those little guys have barely six months to live. That doesn't exactly make my day.

